

An American Ah Sin.

A good story, one certainly that will be relished by San Francisco sports who may chance up from La Paz, Mexico. All lovers of "draw" and all who have ever been taken in by betting on two pairs, will appreciate the details of this narrative of misplaced confidence. It is a maxim among gamblers that no man will hesitate to swallow a hook baited with a "sure thing." The story about to be related is founded on this principle of gambling. The steamer Sonora, which arrived at La Paz a week or so before the 1st of July, brought to that little Mexican town a smooth-tongued gentleman who represented himself as a mining expert about to inspect several valuable pieces of property located somewhere in the mysterious country back of the town. He gave his name as William Curtis, and was, he said, but recently from San Francisco. To those who met Mr. Curtis it was quite evident that he had more money than brains, although he might be accounted a very good mining expert. He conducted himself in a manner that would be described in sporting circles as "fresh," a condition for which a salt water voyage is no remedy. Immediately on arriving at La Paz, Mr. Curtis sought an introduction to the Prefector of the town. The Prefector of La Paz is a very dignified person, who in the political register would rank with our Mayor Blake, the gentleman in both cases being the chief magistrates of their particular burghs. The Prefector received him cordially; in fact, was overjoyed to meet so distinguished a Gringo, and said in Spanish: "Senor, I throw myself at your feet." On the third evening after this acquaintance began, and after the Prefector had introduced the innocent American to a countless number of his mercantile friends, Mr. Curtis was invited around to the club. At the club Curtis met a number of his new acquaintances, and after the usual exchange of civilities, and after each of the party had imbibed a quantity of aguardiente, a game of draw poker was proposed. The Gringo's innocent antecedents at once intervened, and he protested that he not only could not play, but he was opposed to the game on principle. The Mexicans laid siege to the bashful young man's scruples, overcame them, and finally induced him to "take a hand."

The American asked foolish questions concerning the game, and generally showed that his early education had been sadly neglected.

"What is the biggest hand a man can get?" he inquired of one of his Castilian friends.

"Four aces is the biggest," he was informed, "except a royal flush, which nobody ever gets unless he has a stuffed deck. But we never wait for four aces," whispered the Mexicans, "we often bet heavily on a single pair."

The party sat down and arranged a game at \$1 ante without limit, of which proceeding the mining expert appeared to have no understanding. In the first draw Mr. Curtis picked up three tens. The man next to him bet \$15, and the American raised him \$20. Two of the party passed, but the third raised Curtis \$10, to which the latter responded with \$200. The Mexican called, and Curtis picked up another ten, while his opponent, who had three sevens, did not improve his hand. He looked at the American. The blank appearance of that person's countenance reassured him, and he bet \$300. Curtis reflected for a moment, looked somewhat bewildered, and raised the amount to \$500. The Mexican, astonished, threw down his cards, and Curtis swept the money off the table. The Mexicans held a mute consultation for a moment, and shuffled the cards on another deal. Before the draw the American picked up a jack full and lost about \$30 on it. In his next hand he picked up four fives. This time the Mexicans were laying for their friend, and under the impetus of good draws, the pot rapidly mounted up to \$500. At that point the Mexican called, having prepared the deck to swindle the unsuspecting Gringo. Curtis passed, knowing his nervous opponent would bet, which he did, raising the amount of money on the table to about \$2,000. The Mexican then threw down his hand and exhibited four jacks.

"It's not good," said the American, "I have four aces."

The party was struck dumb with astonishment, while the mining expert coolly swept the pile of money into his pocket.

But the Spanish blood of the natives was up. They could scarcely brook the presence of a Gringo in La Paz, much less endure seeing one of the hated race carry off \$2,000 at their favorite game, especially when they had expected to gather in his surplus cash. That same evening they hunted up Don Carlos Ramero. The don is a noted sport and monte-dealer, and is justly celebrated throughout the Republic of Mexico. The matter was soon arranged, and the next evening Mr. Curtis was again invited to the club. On this occasion Don Carlos Ramero was introduced as a leading merchant of La Paz, who often indulged in poker after dinner. The party smoked a few cigarettes, gossiped a little about American affairs, and discussed the prospects of another Mexican revolution in the near future. Finally "draw" was proposed. Don Carlos was backward at first, but ultimately consented, and they sat down. Two hours afterward they arose. Don Carlos had lost over \$2,700. In all the San Francisco sport had captured over \$5,000 of the Mexicans' money. The next day he started for the mines to open a monte bank with a notorious Mexican sportsman who passes for his partner.

Yesterday a Chronicle reporter related this story to a well-known gambler of this city, and asked him how it was possible to change a hand containing four fives into four aces.

"I swear I don't know," he replied; "he must have changed the cards. Some say you rub the spots off, but I never saw it done. The fact is I don't know much about poker. Fellows that play it generally ought to be in State prison."

"Why so?" asked the newspaper man, surprised at this opinion from a professional gambler.

"Well, I'll tell you. Poker presents more ways of robbing people than any game in the world. The thieves that practice it have all sorts of tricks and

machines for changing cards in the way that fellow did at La Paz. What did you say his name was?"

"Curtis—Bill Curtis, and I believe he was known in this city as Johnny or Billy Dunn."

"Well, I don't know him. I think all such fellows as him ought to be in jail. Why, do you know, young man, I wouldn't sit down to a game of draw with the best merchant on Front street. He'd beat me, sure."

"Then you haven't much confidence in the integrity of the mercantile community?"

"Well, yes. But you give an honest man a chance to stuff a deck of cards and he'll do it, you bet. Just see how these Mexicans were trying to play that man for a sucker; but I don't think he was justified in robbing them, even for that."

"You say poker players have a machine for transferring cards. What is it?"

"I have heard of them, but I never saw one. As I told you, I don't play poker; I'm not green enough for that. They say it lies inside of the coat, and working with the foot will snatch a card that a man wants to get rid of. The most usual way of beating at poker, however, is to ring in an outside party to play into somebody's hand. But I don't know anything about it, except that everybody that plays poker will get robbed that sticks to it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Popularity of Kissing.

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely censured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salutation of women," he says, "is 'ah'; it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks? why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go? In spite, however, of the censure poured on this old fashion by even conscientious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries. It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are in their inmost heart indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different nowadays from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes.

It is easy to criticize in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors, but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having polite recognition, they find a tacit acceptance. It may be remembered how Cavendish, in his "Biography of Cardinal Wolsey," dwells on this custom when describing his visit at Mons. Crequi's Castle: "I being in a fair great dining chamber," he tells us, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of gentlemen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me: 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlemen without offense, and although it be not so in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' By means whereof I kissed my lady and all her maidens." Chaucer frequently alludes to this old custom, and our readers may recollect how in the "Sommeur's Tale" he notices the zeal with which the holy father performs this act of gallantry. When the mistress of the house enters the room where he is busily engaged in "grouping tenderly" her husband's conscience, we are told how—

He risen up full curiously
And her embracement in his arms narrow,
And kissed her sweet, and chirked like a
sparrow
With his lippes.

Shakespeare, again, introduces it, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where to kiss the hostess is indirectly spoken of as a common courtesy of the day. In Lupton's "London," too (1632), an established attraction of a country inn, we are told, was a pretty hostess or her daughter to salute the guests, without which, it would appear, there was small chance of its becoming a popular resort for the customers of that period.—Belgravia.

A singular case of suicide occurred the other day in front of the Palatine, New Kent road, London. A well-dressed man, apparently about 40 years of age, was seen pacing up and down in an excited manner, and looking closely at the passing vehicles. A van laden with five and a half tons of flour came along, and as soon as it reached him the man rushed into the road and threw himself under the fore wheel, which passed over his chest and crushed it. The driver pulled up as quickly as possible, but was unable to prevent the occurrence. The man died in a few minutes.

Ida Foreman, of Camden, N. J., attempted to knife her father, Joseph Foreman, to death because he, being wealthy, opposed her receiving attention from a fortune-hunting loafer, who regarded the girl as a Foreman worthy of his steal.—N. Y. Mail.

One year ago the business portion of Truckee, Cal., was entirely wiped out by fire. Now the town is much larger and contains handsomer and more substantial buildings than ever before.—Chicago Times.

Absence of the Small Boy in Saxony.

I was some weeks in Germany before I missed the small boy, probably because I had but little time to think of him, there were so many new and beautiful things to be seen, and probably because it is almost absolutely necessary that he shall be near you once in a while in order that his absence may be thoroughly felt and thoroughly enjoyed when he returns. But, anyhow, it gradually began to dawn upon my mind that I had not seen him since my arrival. I searched for him along the magnificent boulevards of Berlin, through the glorious avenues of Dresden, along the narrow and crowded thoroughfares of Old Leipzig, and, finally, in the crowds that surge through the quaint and crooked streets of Chemnitz, but I found him not. I went to the theaters expecting to see his shaggy head sticking out over the upper balcony, or to find him whispering the people in the parquette with paper wads, but I was disappointed. I even sought him in the circus, and waited patiently to hear his savage yell and his shrill whistle, but in vain. Not a trace of his existence could I find. If he has ever lived and had his being in the dominions of the Emperor William he had entirely disappeared before I arrived.

I don't know but that my first thoughts upon making this discovery were pleasant ones, and I am not sure that I bailed at his absence with feelings of genuine delight. I was inclined to look upon his downfall and extermination as one of the results of a higher and happier civilization than we enjoy in America. I noticed that the law was supreme in Germany, and that it had routed out gamblers, bunco-steers, tramps, garrulous, burglars, ward bummers, and other enemies of society and disturbers of the peace, and it struck me that it had not spared even the small boy, but swept him away, too, as public nuisance and a living menace to the happiness of the people.

But I missed him, and the more I missed him the more I felt that, if it were possible, I would like to gaze upon his manly, dirty, happy-go-lucky face again. I would even allow him to trip me up on a piece of orange-peel, and undergo the torture of his innocent satire as my heels went up, if I could only enjoy his disreputable society for ten minutes.

The German people feel no longings for him, for they have never known him. They have never seen a very angry and excited dog running through the street hotly pursued by a tin can; they have never witnessed the anguish of two innocent and unsuspecting cats whose tails were firmly united with a piece of fishline; they are unacquainted with the stove-pipe hat in which is hidden the silent but potent brickbat; never have they stooped to pick up the plethoric pocket-book from the sidewalk, only to find that it vanishes like a dream; to them a soaped doorstep would be an awe-inspiring novelty; the Saxon lover has never felt the pangs excited by the bent pin on the chair which his sweetheart's younger brother has prepared for him, nor upon bidding adieu has he found his hat to be full of flour and confusion. No honest wayfarer walks the street with a hand all pained to his coat-tail. There is not an instance on record where the key-holes of the Saxon's house have been filled with putty, and street-lamps can stay out all night with perfect impunity.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Petroleum Romance.

A fellow New Yorker pointed out to me this morning a citizen of Pittsburgh, who was at one time a salesman in a retail grocery there, at a salary of \$300 a year. When the petroleum excitement broke out in that city, he went to Titusville without any money, and after a few weeks he fell in with a prosperous speculator and "struck oil," making \$400,000 to \$500,000 in a year. He increased this sum to \$1,500,000, and was urged by his friends to retire from the oil region with the wages of his luck. This he refused to do, and before another twelve-month he had lost it all but a few thousand dollars. That he returned to Pittsburgh and went to work in a legitimate way. But the fever of speculation attacked him once more and he betook himself a second time to Oil Creek. After various shifts and adventures fortune revisited him, and he was able to count his millions. Trying to double this—he had fixed his figure at \$2,000,000—he was again financially wrecked. This time he was so poor that he stayed among the wells, and was forced to earn a livelihood by becoming a day laborer. New opportunities opened to him, and a third time he got very rich. Reckless speculation once more brought him low, and he left for California, hoping to improve his prospects there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Within a few months the fickle goddess has smiled for the sixth time, and he has invested all his money in Government bonds—well nigh \$1,700,000—and forsware speculation. He sold all his oil before the recent tumble in prices, and says he has learned wisdom by experience. Having more than he will ever spend, he ought to be contented financially, and run no more risks; but I doubt if he will. The \$2,000,000 he had fixed upon he has not yet reached; and he will be different from most speculators there. The fascination of petroleum drew him back. He made a fourth fortune and lost it; and finally a fifth, with the same result.

Our Young Folks.

FAIRY-FOLK.

"Do I believe in fairy stories?"
Darling, of course I do;
And Titania small,
I believe in them all;
Don't you?"

"Was there ever any Red Riding Hood?"
Oh, yes; without a doubt,
There are wolves to-day,
To lead you astray;
When they come in your way,
Look out.

"And was there really a Cinderella,
With naughty sisters? Why, yes,
I've met her with my stickee;
And though proud ones may wince,
She'll marry the Prince,
I guess.

And the fairy-folk will never, no, never
Refuse to help you along;
In grant of any bribe,
With first-class glance,
And bid defiance
To wrong.

Love and Duty are real twin fairies,
Beautiful, good and true;
By them we're attended;
By them we're commended;
I think they're most splendid—
Don't you?"

—Josephine Polard, in N. Y. Independent.

CHATTY-CHARITY.

"Now, Auntie, how could you inflict such a horrid name upon poor, innocent me! I meant to hate you always, and I'm dreadfully disappointed that I can't."

Emphasizing her remark with a vigorous hug, she dropped upon a hassock beside the nice old lady knitting contentedly by the window, and folding her arms upon the other's lap complacently surveyed the contrast of their snowy whiteness with the heavy black silk upon which they rested.

Aunt Charity's keen, hazel eyes read all this, and more. They were not unlike the brighter, browner orbs, shaded by the fluffy golden-brown hair of her namesake; but they were misty now with tender recollections of the letter which, eighteen years before, had told her of the baby-girl gladdening the old home where she herself had grown into maidenhood. Ever since thoughts of the little "Charity" dancing on and out of the familiar rooms, singing the familiar songs, treading the familiar streets, had served to brighten her own childish lot, albeit this very week she had looked up for the first time into the fair young face. Outwardly it was all her fancy had fondly pictured, but

"What was that sigh for, auntie? You don't think I'm half good enough for the name, do you? But just let me tell you about the annual fair for our Mission Band to-night. There's to be a supper and fancy tables, but not even the ghost of a lottery. Aren't you glad? And oh how I have worked! I've teased Uncle Joe into buying four supper tickets. He hates the whole thing; so I guess father, you should have heard me coax five dollars out of him! I had to give up my new bracelets. Isn't that bona fide charity? Haven't I two pairs already? O, but one gets so tired of old things, and Tentum has such lovely ones! But I was bound to raise the most money. And, what's worse, I've agreed to do all the dusting and dish-washing this morning to secure a batch of Nora's famous cream-cakes for the glorious cause. Now what do you think of your namesake? Isn't there a little hope she may grow as good as this dear old Aunt Lovey papa is always holding up for a pattern?"

"Too faulty a pattern altogether," said auntie, shaking her head. "Better copy after Paul's portrait of charity. You remember, it 'vaunteth not itself, it is not puffed up.'"

"Oh, auntie! I didn't mean—but only think: Ten dollars in money, nine supper tickets, and—cream cakes! Besides the wear and tear of hauds, feet and tongue, for I'm to help at the hall all the afternoon. It's real fun, to be sure, but isn't it charity—sort of?"

"Certainly, one phase of it; and the social gain atones for labor lost. But a study of Paul's grand master-piece would suggest many improvements." "It's hung too high, auntie. Away up in the clouds, for the angels and such; makes me ache just to look at it."

"Suppose I hold it at an easy distance now and then, will you try to work in a few colors?" laughed auntie, with a very earnest look in the hazel eyes.

"Must I promise solemnly? Of course I want to make the most of my patronymic."

"Charity," called mamma, from the top of the stairs, "the young girl tripped lightly into the hall."

"That's all there is to it at present. Here, mother-bird, and the young girl tripped lightly into the hall."

"Chatty, dear, you will have to go to town on the noon train. This plaid must be matched, and linings and trimmings bought, ready for Miss Sizzors to-morrow."

"But mamma, you forget—the festival!"

"No, dear; I hoped to go to the city myself, but it is quite impossible, and there are things enough to help at the hall. I am very sorry, Chatty, dear."

Ominous frowns were gathering under the tangled brown hair.

"It is so dreadfully provoking! My plans never count for anything! My Charity seeketh not her own, is necessarily provoked," came softly from the inner room.

"Now, Aunt Lovey, you don't pretend it means things like this," said Chatty, turning. "If we could only have our dress-making done in town, as the boys and Lambert's do!"

"I'm very envious now," rejoined the old lady, knitting as busily as ever. "What does it do?" The tone was a trifle plaintive.

"Well, it gives up a little 'real fun,' as you call it, for 'bracketing,' and Oh, you dear, horrid old darling! as a mother would have to say. I'll tell you, somehow, to go my way. And I should have let her go, without ever stretching my neck to see what Paul thought about it. The idea of being charity to go shopping when you don't want to! What with the dishes and dusting, by night I shall survive only in name."

Six o'clock, however, found Chatty at the tea-table, flushed and jubilant over what mamma pronounced the most successful shopping-trip of the season.

"Victory brought its own reward in the shape of this rare outfit, to tend flow-er-tables," said Chatty, tying on a bit of muslin lace and ribbon, dubbed an

apron by courtesy rather than propriety.

"Why, Bessie Howell going so early? This to a new-comer, standing in the hall-door?"

"Yes, and I stopped to tell you Bell Tripp has given your flower-table to the Misses Howland—the new family up on the hill. Bell said there were plenty of other places, and she would explain to-night."

"But suppose I don't choose the other places?" said Chatty, flushing angrily.

"Oh, it's twice as much fun to be table-waiter!—those little caps are awfully becoming, and that apron will be perfectly exquisite!"

"With half a dozen cups of coffee turned over it? Thank you; I prefer the flower-table, and intend to remain there. Bell thinks those rich Howlands will take her up. I can see straight through it all," pursued Chatty, hotly.

"Charity thinketh no evil," whispered auntie, stopping to examine the new apron.

"What do you think Bell proposed this afternoon?" resumed Bessie. "Oh, the girls were so indignant—we had a dreadful fuss!"

"I'm glad of it; good enough for her," spluttered Chatty.

"Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity," came from behind the screen Aunt Lovey, and drawn between herself and the glowing grate.

"You know we have always hired dish-washers," continued Bess, taking the shrug of Chatty's shoulders for an interrogation point. "Of course we didn't want to do that; but somebody must fill out orders for the waiters, and only two or three offered—you have to stay in that old kitchen—and Bell said—"

"Perhaps she expected me to stay in that dingy old hole; it's too mean for anything," exclaimed Chatty, with an emphatic stamp of her pretty foot.

"Never mind, you can stay in our room," said Bess, "and you needn't carry any coffee, either. Just hand the pepper and salt, and keep people lively. Go in for a good time, I say."

The door shut with a little bang.

"Doth not behave itself unseemly," said auntie, disposing of her screen.

"Aunt Lovey, if anybody else had punched Paul into me that way there'd have been a disaster. So that is what you call 'easy distance'! And I've promised solemnly to do it. Hon-estly, do you, or did Paul, expect us girls to live that sort of thing, right through fairs and fusties?"

"Fusses never flourish where that chapter is truly lived. I think fairs might," rejoined the other, quietly.

"Possibly I might; but, auntie, it—"

"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," finished Aunt Lovey.

"Probably the new version reads: Bear with Bell Tripp's abominable treatment; believe she had good reasons therefor; hope it will all work de-lightfully, and endure even that black hole of a kitchen," laughed Chatty, untying the pretty new apron.

"It's disappointing, to say the least, after looking Paul's charity up among the clouds to find it anchored in a dish-tub. Where's your biggest calico apron, mother-bird? The new edition of Charity about to be issued needs a more serviceable binding."

Two hours later she stood in the dingy kitchen with Bell Tripp, who had both arms plunged to the elbow in a tub of steaming suds. Chatty was drying the dishes in an interim of filling orders.

"It's perfectly splendid in you, Bell," she was saying, "but so queer you should think of it con-temp-o-ra-ne-ously with Aunt Lovey!"

"I've been thinking some time," said Bell, seizing a huge pile of plates, "how much of real charity (Paul's kind, as you call it) there was in these affairs. Seems to me a deal of selfishness gets mixed in. Of course the fun is all well enough; but I set out this time not to put that first. I knew it was for the good of the cause to enlist the Miss Howlands, and there being two of them I had to out you as well as myself. It was good of you not to mind. The dish-washing was more of a trial; but a penny saved being equal to two earned, there was the good of the cause again, besides an opportunity of knowing self completely."

"It must be drowned, boiled and baked by this time, and you may thank Aunt Lovey that I didn't add fuel to the flames," laughed Chatty. "If anybody pretends that Paul made up that picture out of his own head, just let them try to copy it. I begin to think I am rightly named; isn't it charity that covers a multitude of sins? Do my best, I can't feel a bit, amiable inside to see the other girls having so much nicer times."

"There's the trouble. I was real cross this afternoon because they wouldn't look at things as I did. But doesn't it say in that chapter, 'Charity suffereth long and is kind'?" I think Paul knew," said Bell, softly. —Christian Union.